The Tripod.

VOL. III. THORNTON ACADEMY, SACO, MARCH, 1890. NO. 4.

Thornton Academy.

Built 1812. Burnt 1848.

Above we present a view of Thornton Academy as it was. A plain, substantial structure. (forty feet long, thirty feet wide, with rooms twelve feet high,) built of wood, and painted yellow. It had a bell tower and bell. There were two chimneys in which were fire-places for heating the school room, which had accommodations for fifty students. It stood on what was then called "The Common" near where is now the Second Parish Church. At the time it was erected Saco was a thriving lumbering and shipping town surrounded by heavy forests. The population of Saco and Biddeford together was about four thousand. January 4th, 1813, was the first day of the first term of Saco Academy, by which name it was known till 1822,

when the name was changed to Thornton Academy in memory of Dr. Thomas G. Thornton, a generous patron of the institution. There were forty-seven students who entered the Academy at the first term. Two of that number are now living in Saco, one aged eighty-eight, the other ninety-four years. From the opening of the old Academy in 1813, to its destruction by an incendiary fire in 1848, it gave instruction to 1467 students. Though its advantages were far inferior to those of our new Academy, yet there went out from it men of power and women of influence. Men to receive high honors in State and Nation, and women to adorn and bless the social and domestic walks of life. Should the students of the New Thornton Academy meet the requirements of their day, as worthily and successfully as those of the past, the institution may well be proud of its records.

The Sleigh (?) Ride.

One afternoon I heard a sound
That brought me to my feet,
A hay-rack, filled with girls and boys,
Was passing in the street.

When that had passed another came,
Well loaded like the first,
All laughing, shouting, tooting horns,
Their school-room cares dispursed.

They'd started out for "Sanderson's,"
Nine miles or so away,
The roads were frozen rough and hard,
The sky was leaden gray.

Full many a thump their poor bones got,
Before they reached the place,
Would that were all that marred their peace,
Within that few hour's space.

But when, their merry-making o'er,
They started home again,
'Twas snowing hard, and soon the snow
Had melted into rain.

Alas for those who did not go
Prepared for what might be,
They weren't much better off just then,
Than a year ago were we. —'89.

Burbank, '93, employs his valuable time in catching flies. We must come to one of two conclusions, either that he is making a Natural History collection, or that he is fielder on some base-ball nine and has difficulty in catching "flies."

Titles vs. Nicknames.

If the question were asked "What is the most attractive class of animals?" most persons would reply, "The birds," and a very good reason, or series of reasons, could be advanced,—the cheerful notes of their songs, the varied and gay plumage, the fondness for living near to the human dwellings, and so on. On the other hand if the question had been, "What class is most repulsive?" the answer would probably be, without exception, "The reptiles." They are not beautiful, some are venomous; they flee from man, or seek to injure him; they have no redeeming features. It would seem strange to think of writing a composition on birds and reptiles, they are so far apart, and yet all scientists know that they are near each other, and in spite of our feelings the geologist points to the connecting link and says "There is the Pterodactyl, half bird and half reptile." And now we feel disposed to remark "What strange relationships Nature has made." Yes, and man has done precisely the same thing. Let us now turn from this illustration to the subject of our study.

Titles are granted by two powers or authorities, governments and schools, and one may be inclined to say that governments alone can grant them, for no school can grant titles except as recognized by a charter, or otherwise by the government. A few examples may suffice to make the definition clear. In the United States we have Presidents, Cabinet Ministers, Senators, Representatives, Governors, &c., &c., a whole series of civil officials who are addressed as Honorable, or Excellency, &c. In like manner the English Nation has a series of state officers bearing various titles, as Majesty, Royal Highness, Grace, Lordship &c., and these all are titles, which accompany a rank attained in political life. And if we add to these the titles of Army or Navy officers we simply recognize another department of government service. Let us turn now to educational institutions, founded for the purpose of study. The State grants them the power to recognize rank in learning by giving certain degrees or titles. Such degrees or titles are conferred, as a rule, by colleges

and professional schools. A student who has attained the honor of a diploma from a college is a Bachelor of Arts, or if from a scientific school, then the title may be Bachelor of Sciences.

The higher degrees are usually for special advancement, though Master of Arts is an exception. But the degrees of Doctor of Laws, Medicine, Divinity, Philosophy and the like, imply special attainments in one department. One other title is conferred, and it is a title of rank as a teacher. i. e., the title of Professor, and none are entitled to this rank except such as occupy the higher chairs of instruction in colleges or professional schools.

Let us now examine the class called nicknames. These are terms of familiarity, real or imagined. Intimate friends sometimes use them, children are very fond of them, student life requires them. They are applied to fellow students, and often to teachers. College boys usually allude to the president as "Prexy." Professors are sometimes named from their departments or their individual peculiarities or their names. A Professor of Anatomy may be known as "Bones," a short man may be called "Stubby," and so on. These terms do not always arise from an imagined dislike, frequently they are used between strong friends. Strict etiquette may condemn all such names, friendship may tolerate them. But someone will ask, "What has all this to do with birds and reptiles?" I answer the one illustrates the other, the bird is beautiful, the reptile repulsive, but there is a connecting link. The title is sublime, the nickname, ridiculous, but there is a connecting link. It may be seen in two classes, those who give themselves titles, like the boot-black who calls himself Professor, or the tight rope walker or circus performer who uses the same nickname title, and with these we may unite the vender of quank medicines, who calls himself Doctor. The other class is represented by those who apply (and oftentimes with good intention) the title Professor to men who are teachers of ordinary schools, or the title Doctor to a druggist, and so on. The American is fond of titles, he smiles at the Englishman, but he seeks an empty title. A man who never had graduated from college, received the honoray degree of Doctor from a college which had run down so that it closed its doors and became defunct the day after the degree was given, and the man is proud of his degree. If there is one lesson which we need more than another, it is to wait until we have earned honors before we demand them. Having earned honors there is little desire for titles. This is well illustrated by the story of Professor Agassiz who is said to have made his will in these words: "I, Louis Agassiz, a teacher." The savage must be tattooed, but true greatness needs no ornamentation.

The Catastrophe.

One morning quiet was the school,
Obeying all the teacher's rule,
When suddenly was heard a sound
That shook indeed the very ground.
"Is it an earthquake?" the frightened say,
"Or is it thunder far away?"
But no! behold there on the floor
The cause of all this wild uproar,—
It's simply Lord who thought it best
To make a change—you know the rest. — M.

Tripod Trifles.

"I'm lonely, oh, so lonely!" P. S. B.

The second class has begun geology, and has one more student, Miss Peyser, added to its extensive (?) number.

Deering, not contented with having his hair parted in the middle, now has it curled. We understand that the artist is Miss R——, a former member of his class.

If we should lock the doors, as most city schools do, and compel all the tardy ones to wait outside till we should choose to let them in, what a large collection of frozen creatures a nine o'clock visitor would encounter!

Sweetsir, '90, has proposed a new plan, which, we think will prove acceptable to most of the students as considerable hard labor will be saved thereby. The plan is to purchase a small flock of hens which can be hired of him, for a small sum, to remove all crumbs from the desks after lunch.

The Tripod.

THORNTON ACADEMY.

A LITERARY MONTHLY PUBLISHED BY THE STUDENTS.

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The next number of the TRIPOD will contain a list of the students who attended the old Thornton Academy, at the time it was burned, in '48, also by whom they were sent. Do not fail to have a copy.

If *may-bowers* were the inspiring genius of all the school-papers, surely the attempts of the young people would "smell of pines, and resound with the hum of insects," as Emerson says literature should.

Any of the students wishing to read the exchanges, will find them in the desk previously used by Miss Gilpatric, back seat, 5th division. If you take the papers to your seats, please return them as soon as read.

Each student should feel it his duty to further the interests of the school paper in every way possible, whether by writing, asking others to contribute, or by increasing our subscription list. One of the boys in the Sophomore class obtained seven new subscribers for us last month. "Go thou and do likewise," for it is this that brings joy to the hearts of the editors.

Success may be regarded in as many different lights as there are individuals, and each may be striving for a different goal, some to be reached in this world, and some in the life to come, yet I think we all agree that success is the thing striven for, whatever form it takes. But many are the influences tending toward this desired end, and chief among these are perseverance and industry. Success in every art, whatever may be the natural talent, is always the reward of industry and pains. Then we notice that those who best understand the economy of time are the most successful.

I have seen it stated that the gold-room of the U. S. Mint contains double floors, the upper one acting like a sieve, and the lower one catching the minute particles of gold which sift through, and that in a single year, the gold thus saved amounted to thirty thousand dollars. Well it would be for some people if they could catch their wasted moments as the gold is caught in the mint.

So, if we would succeed, it is well to bear in mind that success is won only by perseverance, industry, and a careful use of the moments, each of which we all have within our immediate power, and so, likewise, the great object to which they lead.

We have received the following new exchanges since last month:

The Normal Offering, Bridgewater, Mass.
High School Bulletin, Lawrence, Mass.
High School Braccia, Deering, Me.
The Texas Wasp, Dellas, Texas.
American Eagle, Martin's Ferry, Ohio.
The Summit, Winstead, Conn.
The Mission Courier, Washington, D. C.
The Sieve, West Brattleboro, Vt.
The Child's Friend, Holyoke, Mass.
Santa Claus, Philadelphia, Pa.
Delawarean, Wilmington, Del.
The School Reporter, Wyoming, Ohio.
The Waterville Gazette, Waterville, Mass.
Lynn High School Gazette, Lynn, Mass.
The Home Circle, Smithfield, Va.
The Philomathean, Wilmington, Del.

Our Cadets are now adorned with their new suits. They look neat, and we can safely say that "Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these." We are proud of you, success!

Tripod Trifles.

Not leap year (hear the boys (?) sigh!)

Some one has suggested that green would be an appropriate color for the first class to adopt.

Lord asserted in physiology that the greatest diameter of the stomach is five feet. Perhaps he judged by the amount his own holds.

Miss Lane, '92, astonished the Cicero class by defining a centurian as a man 100 years old. She probably had reference to a centarian.

Skating has been translated into the Roman language by Miss Haley, of the English division, as follows: skato slippere falui bumptum.

Miss Chase and Miss Haley are the acknowledged champions with battledore and shuttlecock. The last record heard was 739 times without stopping.

Hovey Hill, '92, translated "*tumulis silvestribus*," "wooden hills." No wonder a mountain fire is much feared since even the foundation is "wooden."

Oh, that noise of Noyes!
How it pleases all the boys!

It has been defined as "that musical—ahem! —noise, or rather that attempt at music."

The girls concluded that the reason the boys insist upon wearing their heavy shoes when performing upon the horizontal bar, is that they fear to hurt their tender feet by the, of course, numerous falls.

Bean, '92, was asked why "chère" (dear) preceded the noun. He thought it denoted a physical property, color, taste or form. We knew it had a good deal to do with the heart, but still his answer surprised us.

We are sorry to lose from our number this term, Harry Rowton, '91, Wm. Perry, '92 and John Hill. What will the French class do without Perry? We shall no longer have anyone to say, when corrected, "That is what I meant."

No wonder the class in Greek Lessons is behind, the Seniors take all the teacher's attention during that period. We might call that class a collection of "perambulators." They also are very musical (?) Ask the Greek class, if you don't believe it.

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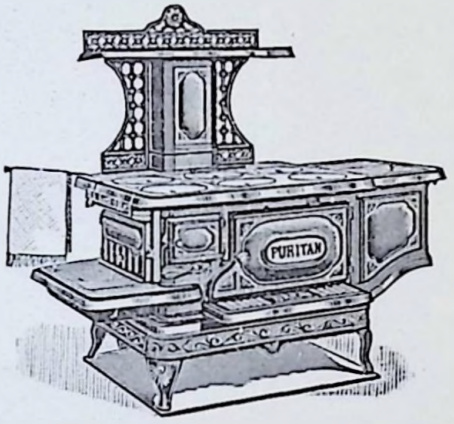

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Slang.

Slang is a corruption of language. It has mainly three forms, viz: the use of devised words, the use of unnecessary words, and the improper use of words.

The use of devised words includes many local inventions which have been coined when the proper word was not readily found or when an unusual effect was intended to be produced. Some of Saco's young people have a favorite expression which well illustrates this. It is the word "squee!" To say that a thing is "perfectly squee" seems, in their estimation, to be the highest possible praise.

The use of unnecessary words comprises "the extravagance of speech" to which most young people are addicted. When life seems to be seen through a magnifying glass of joy and hope, it is hard not to magnify speech as well. Nothing, however, should be more shunned than many words when fewer would do as well. The over-use of adjectives and adverbs, especially in the superlative, is a great evil. In time the extravagant talker will find that adjectives and superlatives, as he uses them, do not express so much as should simple nouns and positives. A refined speaker is disgusted to hear that his friend "saw the sweetest, cutest, most lovely little pug dog," yet similar expressions are heard every day.

The improper use of words constitutes a large part of slang. Words are so much used in the wrong place that they lose their correct meaning and force, when rightly used. To say that one had a "perfectly gorgeous time" is surely not the right use of the adjective, especially since this is one which should rarely be used.

I have but mentioned these three classes, which are easily recognized by any one who has given any thought to the subject. With such misuse our language will soon become impure, and we should strive to remember that thoughts simply and accurately expressed have more force, and accomplish more nearly the purpose of language than can any invention, exaggeration or misuse of words. '92.

They do say that Sweetsir likes the girls.

Tripod Trifles.

It is worth a quarter to see our editor from W—learn to skate.

The students of the Virgil class have begun to scan their lessons, for a change.

The boys in the corner have to look out for themselves now, or they are set "down in front."

Much anxiety is felt by the students, in regard to Deering's cough. It is very consumptive.

Bryant, '90, is progressing quite rapidly with the class ode. It is reported that he has already written sixteen verses.

C. Sawyer, '92, has made several attempts to use his desk as a dining room, and has succeeded very well as he managed to get one foot in.

Ever and anon, over the crowded assembly at lunch, floats *that* musical laugh, like the voice of the distant brook as it ripples over its mossy pebbles.

Miss B——translated, "*elle mange tout car c' est une jolie fourchette*," "She eats all, for she is a *jolly pitch-fork*!" The class was overpowered for some moments.

The waves in Lake Erie must have been practising in a gymnasium, for Miss Bryant informs us that they lifted a block of stone weighing half a ton, and after carrying it several feet in the *air*, turned it over.

The Virgil class is thinking seriously of procuring an ear trumpet for Deering. He is so very deaf, that being obliged to repeat so often to him, they fear that there is danger of wearing out their speaking apparatus.

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In the Civil Government class Sweetsir, Seamman and Noyes usually get on the same settee, and hold a caucus without regard to the lesson. The meeting is soon called to order by Miss Lowell, who banishes Noyes to the end of the settee.

How the Janitor Was Cured of Whistling.

I, the Academy janitor am,
And never a man at ease,
For I build the fires, sweep, and dust,
Have a hundred or so to please.

To make the Academy cheerful,
And seem more homelike too,
I naturally took to whistling,
A habit of mine not new.

Soon everybody was smiling,
And all was looking fine,
When I heard the Principal calling
This familiar name of mine.

He said, with a little gesture
That struck me as rather cool:
"Hunt up that boy who is whistling,
And tell him to stop, or leave school."

I acquiesed and said,
while slowly backing out,
"If I catch the boy who is whistling,
He'll abruptly shut his mouth."

Then I commenced earnestly looking
At every boy I passed,
But I did not find a puckered mouth,
For that whistling was the last.

Who did that whistling's a secret,
A deep, dark mystery,
For I won't tell on the janitor,
And he won't go back on me. —L. S. H.

Folly of Self-Conceit.

She heard the TRIPOD'S call for aid,
Thought she, "I'll lend a hand.
It surely is no mighty task
To write a poem grand."

But oh, how vain is self-conceit!
She soon despaired to find
No thought of any common-sense
Presented to her mind.

She knit her brow, she rocked her chair,
But still 'twas quite in vain,
Her ideas all had taken flight,
And there did naught remain.

She pushed aside her pen and ink,
And said, "One thing is plain,
Though the world should lose an author,
I'll not try this again." —M. E. C. '93

Webber couldn't stop to put his dinner in a box, Wednesday, so he tied it up in his handkerchief, and forgetting all about it, pulled handkerchief and all out of his pocket, in the class room scattering the food all over the floor.

—— ——?

One Cole day a Noyes was heard. A Walker through a Littlefield saw a Hasty Carpenter's ap-Prentiss Chase a Young Lamb over the Hill, down the Lane, past Bowers of Bean-vines to *La Fountaine*. The Gay Boston-ian, McNeil by name, cried, "Haley-O! Sweet-sir. I Sawyer Boulter from that Place—Stacy here!" as the ap-Prentiss rushed on heedless. "You've Dennett now!" he added, as the Lamb ran through a Burbank, across the Sands, and plunged into a Marsh.

"I'll Leavitt. The ap-Prentiss spoke for the first time. Then he turned to his companion, and said, "Robber(t)s who are plenty even in this land of Libby-tee, tried to steal this Lamb the most en-Deering of the flock. A dense Fogg which had arisen baffled their designs, and my Lamb was safe.

"The very next night an agent from the Lowell Mills demanded, 'F(l)etcher here! We need the F(l)oss for the Webber Clothing Co., and the Currier will prepare the leather for Boulter.' I knew that there she would be pounded to a Jellis(o)n, and I objected. Thus once more the Lamb was safe.

"Then the city Marshall declared 'If I were in your Place, I would Stuart until Brown, with Burn(t)ham and Peyser, you can eat and Kendri(n)k and be merry.'

"I (C)had-bourne all that I was able, for I have not the strength of Sam(p)son. In despair, I determined to drown my Lamb, and put an end to the strife. I am a Batchellor," he added, bursting into tears, "and he was my only companion." His sobs interfered with the rest of his tale. However, the Boston-ian's imagination, by some Tasker other, supplied the remainder. He had heard Booth-by chance, lately, and appreciated this little scene.

They had journeyed past the Marsh, and lo! as they paused, the Lamb bounded joyfully to them.

The Lord had guided, even through the Marsh, the innocent Lamb. ANONYMOUS.

A few days since Cheney had the idea that his nose was harder than the Academy stairs. He has since changed his opinion.

MAY 1890
P. 9-10

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Tripod Trifles.

There is more noise (Noyes) in the first class than in the rest of the school.

"La Grippe" even comes into the Thornton Academy and "notes and designates with his eye each one of us for the slaughter." CAT I.

One of the bright French scholars translated "souriait d' une air rave," "She laughed with a serious air!" He admits that he doesn't live where we do.

In answer to the question "What are some of the uses of clothing?" Lord replied, "To keep the body warm, to keep cold out, to keep the warmth in." He thought that he named three different uses.

One of the movements in the gymnastic drill is named "the rock." One of our bright scholars calls it "the cradle." With the punch-ball and that we surely should in the future, make good wives and mothers!

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